

Now Take Your Hand in Mine (and Never Let Go) by martianwahtney

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Alternate Universe - Canon Divergence, Alternate Universe - Everyone Lives/Nobody Dies, Bisexual Richie Tozier, Bisexual Stanley Uris, M/M, Not Canon Compliant, Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris Are Best Friends, Richie Tozier is a Little Shit, Sassy Stanley Uris, Soft Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris is a Good Friend, haha spoilers

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough, Eddie Kaspbrak, Mike Hanlon, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris

Relationships: Ben Hanscom/Beverly Marsh, Bill Denbrough/Audra Phillips, Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Richie Tozier & Stanley Uris, Richie Tozier/St Stanley Uris

Status: In-Progress

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Summary:

Stan's phone lit up again, another unknown number. He could tell instantly it wasn't Mike calling him. With a sigh he picked his phone up. What was one more unknown caller before- Stan glanced at the bathtub, tears pricking behind his eyes.

"Stanley Uris," he said when he answered the call.

There was a heartbeat of silence.

"Stanley?"

Richie's voice opened a floodgate of emotions that Stan hadn't even been aware of. Richie Tozier had been everything. He was Stan's first friend, his first crush, he was the first person Stan went to when he needed someone to talk to, he was the first person Stan looked for when the Losers used to have sleepovers. It was always- *always*- Richie.

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Alternatively, Richie calls Stan right before Stan starts the bath, and instead of taking the bath, Stan goes to Derry.

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"Richie,"

Stan sat down on the toilet lid, acutely aware of how hard his legs were shaking.

"How'd you know it was me?" Richie asked.

"No one calls me Staniel, dumbass," Stan replied.

"Right,"

"How'd you get my number?" Stan asked.

"Mike. Called him-," Richie stopped talking suddenly- highly unusual for the Trashmouth.

"Rich?"

There was a stretch of silence.

"Hiding from my manager. He's pissed because I just bombed the set

within three minutes. I think he thinks I have a drug problem,” Richie said at last.

“Right. You’re a comedian. Shocking, you’re not actually that funny,” Stan said.

Richie laughed. Stan wanted to hear that laugh every day for the rest of his life.

“They don’t let me do my own material, fuck off Staniel,”

It was Stan’s turn to laugh.

“So you’re not funny *and* you’re a fraud,”

Richie was laughing again.

“Stan the Man gets off a good one!”

“I’ve always been funnier than you Rich,” Stan reminded him.

“Fuck off,”

“Might actually get fired after this,” Richie said.

“Why? For not only a bombing a set but hiding from your manager? I can’t imagine why anyone would want to fire you,” Stan deadpanned.

“Ha,” Richie said sharply.

“Steve keeps trying to call me. He’s just going to yell at me. What am I supposed to say? ‘Sorry Steve my childhood friend- who I don’t even fucking remember by the way- called me and told me I need to return to Derry- which I *also* didn’t remember- and I’m going haha bye?’”

“You sound insane,” Stan told him.

“I know!”

“Why do I keep thinking about spaghetti?” Richie asked suddenly, sending Stan into an absolute fit of laughter.

“Why are you laughing at me? This is a genuine question Stan! I can’t

stop thinking about my spaghetti man- Eddie! Holy shit Eddie!”

Stan heard the sound of a door shutting and Richie let out a quiet sigh.

“What are you doing?” Stan asked after a particularly loud bang from Richie’s end of the line.

“Packing,”

Stan looked at the bathtub again.

“You’re going?” he asked quietly.

“We promised. I... I don’t remember why we promised but we did,”

Pennywise , Stan thought, his gaze never leaving the tub.

“You’re not thinking of *not* coming, right?” Richie asked.

Stan tore his gaze away from the tub. It felt as though there was a lead ball in the pit of his stomach.

“Whatever this is... we can’t do this without you. I can’t do this without you,”

Taking himself off the board had seemed so logical, it seemed like the right choice. He wasn’t brave like the other Losers. He never had been.

But Stan had never been able to let Richie down. Not when they were kids, not when they were teens, and he couldn’t start now.

“I’ll be there,” Stan said.

“The others sure as hell won’t be able to keep your trashmouth in check,” he added.

“This right here is what the kids call biphobia,” Richie said.

“Don’t try to sound cool,” Stan said, a smile tugging at his lips. He hoped his tone came off as casual and *not* like his brain was stuck on Richie being bi- because his train of thought had absolutely went off

the rail the second Richie said 'biphobia'. It went right off the rail and crashed into the 'I've had a thing for Richie since I was 12 years old but forgot about it for 20+ years because of a psychotic killer clown' part of his brain that really was way too big to be sane.

"Are you trying to say I'm not cool? Staniel I am wounded!"

Stan shook his head as if to physically shake the thoughts from his head.

"I didn't try to say anything, Richie, I just said it," Stan deadpanned.

"Yowza! Warn me next time before you come for my life,"

"No,"

"How did I survive the past 20-whatever years without your sweet, sweet, scathing words?" Richie mused.

Stan glanced up at the ceiling for a moment and shook his head. He had really missed the dumbass.

"So you really came out as bi then?" Stan asked, completely ignoring what Richie had just said..

"Well only to you, but yea,"

"Same,"

"Wait what?"

"I'll see you in Derry," Stan said, a smile clawing on his face.

"Stan wait you can't just drop this bomb on me-"

"Bye Richie,"

Stan ended the call. A vaguely hysterical laugh bubbled out of him. He scrubbed at his face and let out a heavy sigh. He pushed himself off the toilet and walked out of the bathroom. Leave it to Richie fucking Tozier to unknowingly talk Stan out of killing himself. Before he started packing to return to the helltown that was Derry, Maine,

he added Richie and Mike's numbers to his contacts if only to remind himself that he wasn't alone in the fight.

Author's Note:

me? back at it with an IT fic? It's more likely than u think

also i couldn't name this fic Take You With Me bc i already named a different fic that so press f in the chat lads